

TO THE YOUTH OF SASKATCHEWAN



by G. KENDERDINE

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Foreword

A. F. Kenderdine has a unique place among the pioneers of Saskatchewan. About forty years ago, in a spirit of adventure, he came, like thousands more, to seek a new home and fortune in a new land. But, as he rode the range and broke the soil, sharing the joys and disappointments of the early settler, he saw what few others were able to see in our Saskatchewan landscape. He looked at the broad prairie country with its wide horizon and marvellous skies through the eyes of an artist. He was fascinated by the wild grandeur of our northern lakes and forests. Now that he has gone from us, his pictures are his bequest and our heritage—things of beauty that are a joy forever.

A. F. Kenderdine was a man of generous heart who attracted the affection of many friends. He was familiarly known as "Gus." He had a constant desire to share his artist's love of Saskatchewan with others—particularly with young people. And so he became a beloved teacher who was the first Professor of Art in our University. No tribute to his memory and influence could be more fitting than this little collection of his pictures, dedicated "To the Youth of Saskatchewan."

JAMES S. THOMSON, President
The University of Saskatchewan.

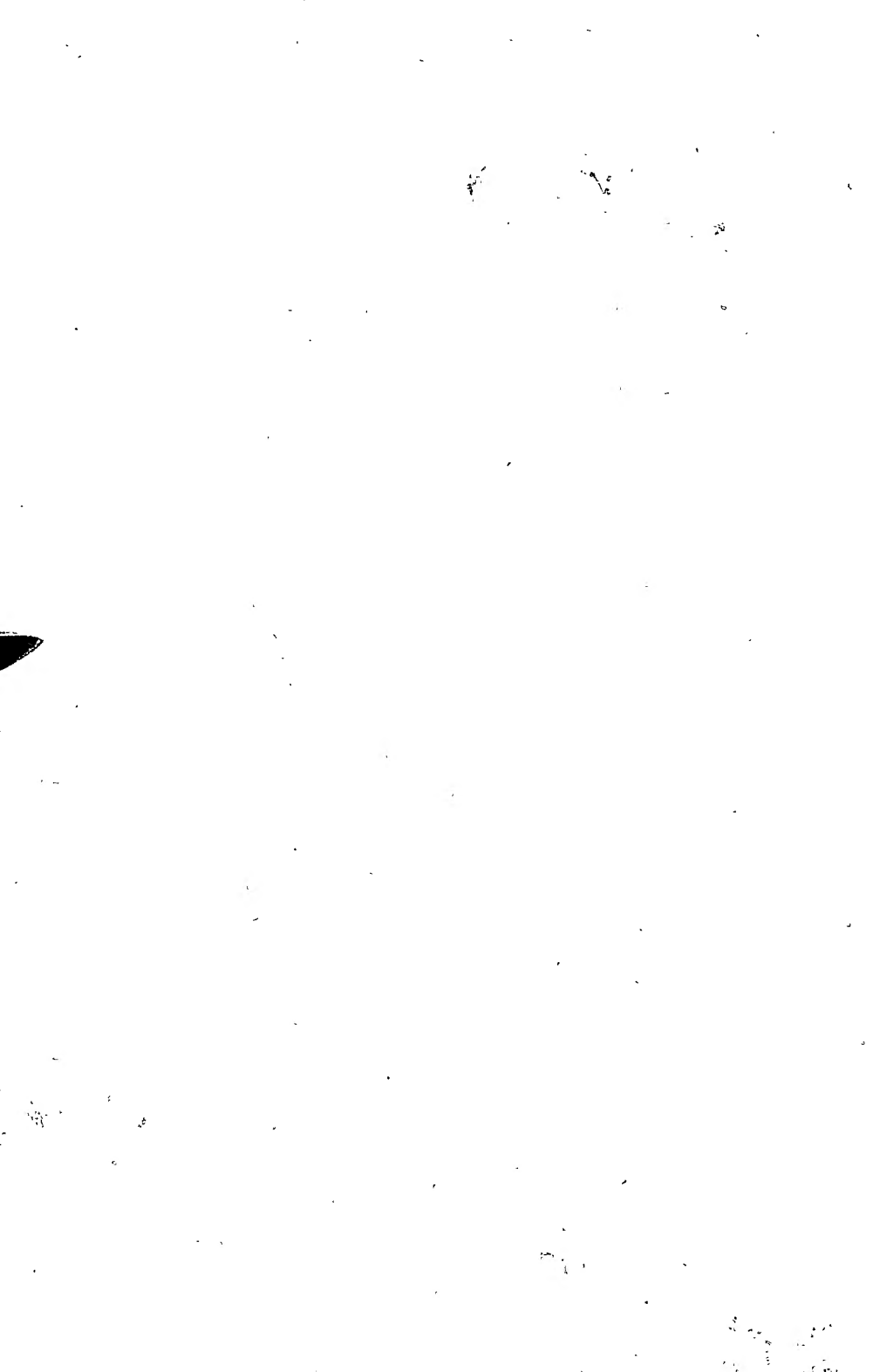




CAMPFIRE ON MURRAY POINT

*A thing of beauty is a joy forever.
Its loveliness increases: it will never
Pass into nothingness: but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.*

—JOHN KEATS.





THE LAND OF PROMISE

*Lord of the far horizons,
Give us the eyes to see
Over the verge of sundown
The beauty that is to be.*

—BLISS CARMAN.





WASKESIU LAKE

*A dash of yellow sand,
Wind-scattered and sun-tanned;
Some waves that curl and cream,
Along the margin of the strand*

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.





WINDSWEPT

*The storm, chill wind, the grey, the gloom—
While penitential frosts have balked.
And Winter's soul of beauty lay,
Her icy casket barred and locked.*

—B. A. MACNAB.





THE WOOD TRAIL

*How deep the tenderness that yearns,
Within the silent wood that turns,
From green to gold, and slowly burns
As by some inward fire.*

—HELENA COLEMAN.





LAC LA RONGE

JUNE 1947

*Give Beauty all her right,
She's not to one form tied.
Each shape yields fair delight,
Where her perfections bide.*

—THOMAS CAMPION.





EMMA LAKE

*Softly the evening came
And sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch,
And melted and mingled together*

—HENRY LONGFELLOW.





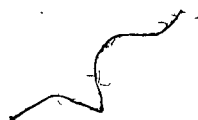


THE LAST LOAD

*Dimness A glow on the wood
The teams plod home to rest.*

—JOHN MASEFIELD





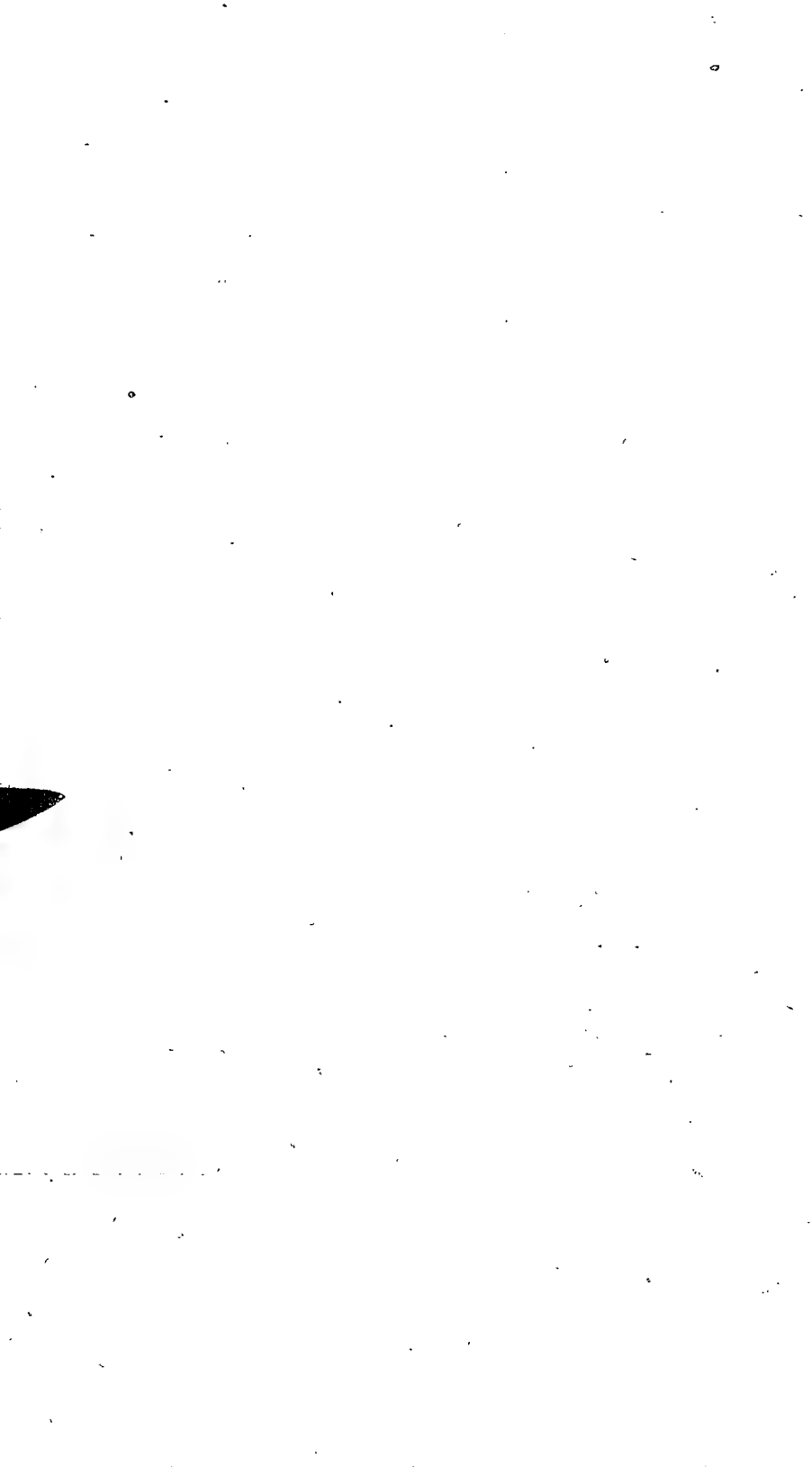


MANITOU LAKE⁵

*But now there comes a lightning flash,
And now on hill and plain,
The charging clouds in fury dash,
And blind the world with rain.*

—FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.







THE TRAIL FINDER

*"An empty plain, a steeley pond, a distance
diamond clear, — and low blue naked hills
beyond." And what is that to fear?*

—RUDYARD KIPLING.



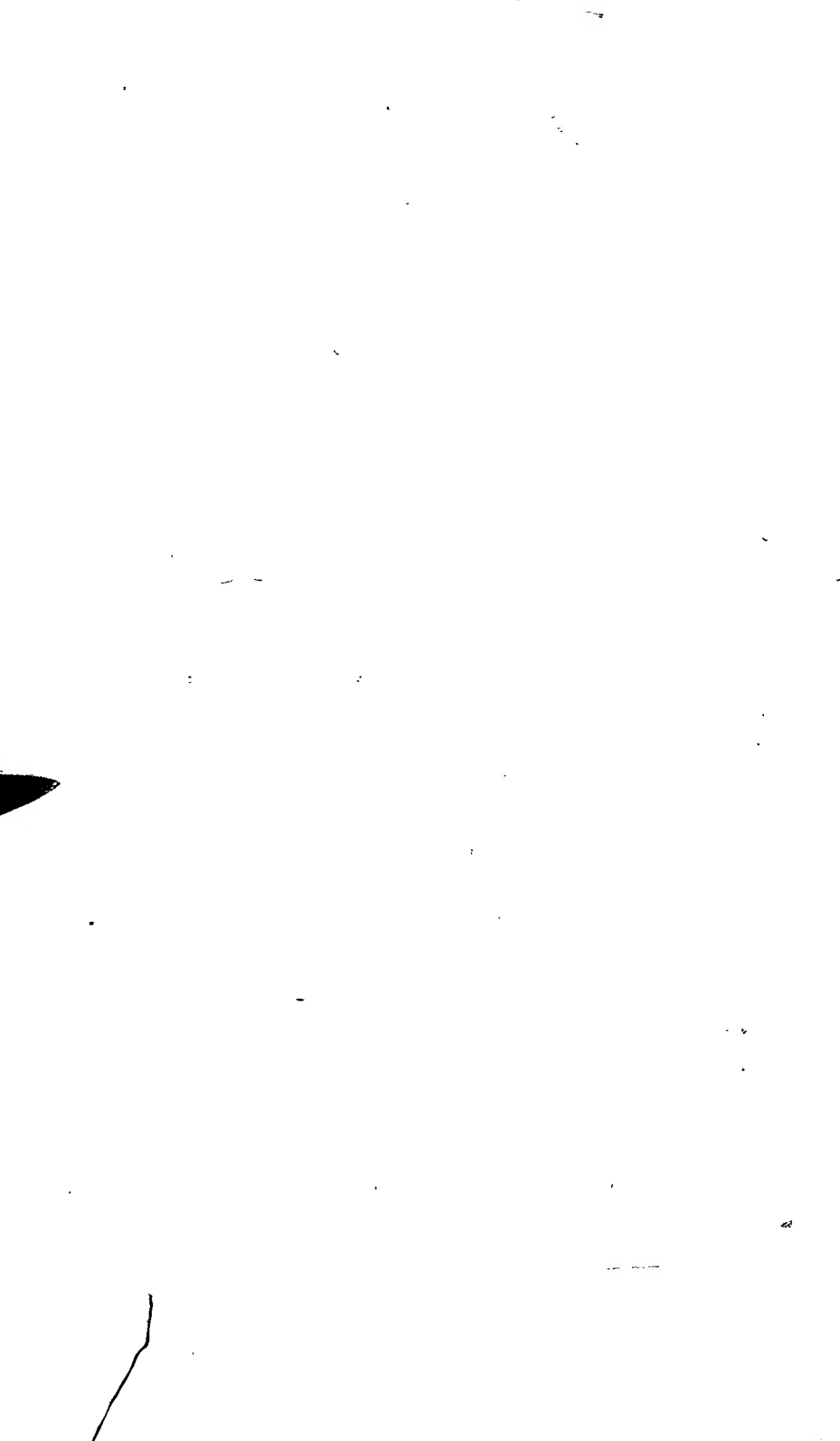
ECHO LAKE

*The winding roads of Love are wide,
From water's brink through valley's side,
Sweet are the ways that Gus has trod
Through clean skies that reach to God.*

—Adapted from "The Swallows,"

by MARJORIE PICKTHALL.





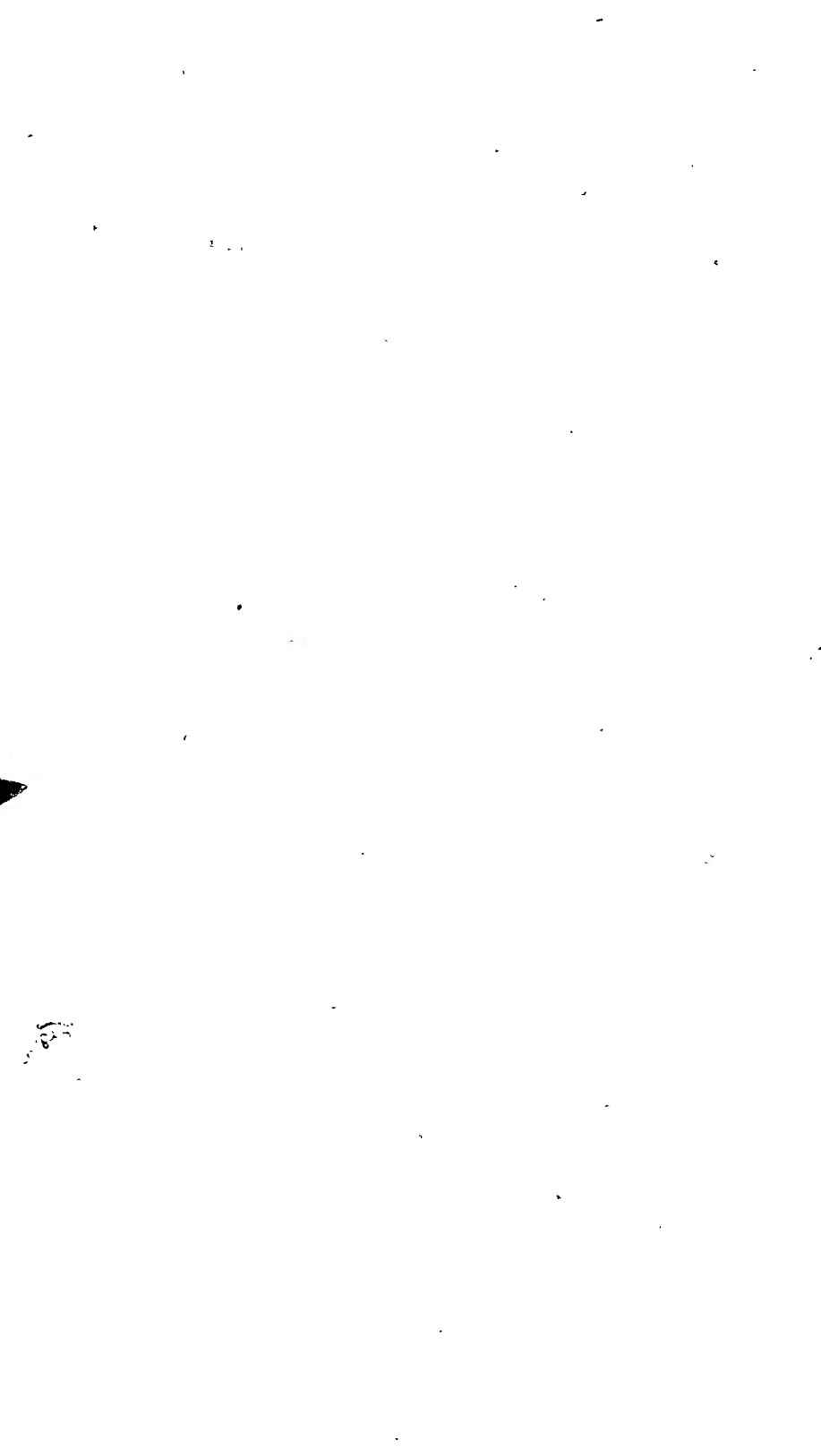


CLEANING UP THE FIELD

*Last night the wind swept swiftly o'er the fields
Where late the wheat swayed golden in the sun,
And where no more the singing reaper wields
His scythe, for now the harvest toil is done.*

—ARTHUR S. BOURINOT.







WASKESIU LAKE

*Therefore I house me not with kin,
But journey as the sun goes forth
By stream and wood and marsh and sea,
Through dying summers of the North.*

—BLISS CARMAN.

